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George Weston,
the baker, made
Toronto a blended
flour city.

When Manitoba
wheat flour first
appeared, it became
popular because it made
a big loaf. But the bread
was heavy, coarse, full of holes
and not especially tasty.

George Weston thought there were
enough people in Toronto who would
appreciate the difference between quality and
quantity—and he determined to bake a real, old-
time, home-made loaf, using blended flour.

At that time, Weston was running only two ovens. In a
week, he had to start new ovens, and it was not long before he was
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The Snake Scotched

Justice Done.

CHAPTER XII.

(Continued.)

"Look here, Mr. Ralph Farrington,"
he said, persuasively, "don't you
make yourself unpleasant to me; don't
you, now. I ask you to treat me like
a friend, for I've a kind of friendly
feelin' to you. Yes, I have!" as Ralph
expressed his sense of the value of
the assertion by a little shake. "I'd
do you a good turn, if it came in my
way; and who knows as it won't? Who
knows, I say—"

"Turn them out!" said Ralph, grim-
ly. "I'm one of the keepers" as you
know—"

"You're an insolent and overbearing
dog of a puppy!" snarled the man.
"There, then!"

He turned out his trouser and coat-
pockets, muttering to himself and
glaring at Ralph. There was some
money and odd things—a big knife
among them—but no snare. Ralph's
eyes went to the man's breast-pocket,
and he pointed to it.

"Turn that out," he said. "If there
is nothing there—"

The man's hand flew to his pocket
as if involuntarily, and Ralph, jump-
ing to the conclusion that he had
bowed him out, tore open the coat
and pulled out an old pocket-book
much bulged by its contents. There
was nothing else.

The man uttered a snarl—the snarl
of a dog from which a tasty bone has
been snatched—and with an awful
oath flung out his hands.

"You thief!" he cried, hoarsely.
"You thief! Gimme back my prop-
erty!"

In his fury he shook himself free
from Ralph's grasp and flung himself
upon him, snarling and swearing sav-
agely. Ralph grappled with him—
it was difficult to avoid handling the
man roughly—and flung him to the
ground.

"Get up," he said, sternly. "Get up
and go; but remember the warning I
gave you. If I find you on the Court
lands again I'll give you in charge for
trespassing or poaching. There's
your pocket-book."

The man snatched at it and return-
ed it to its place. His face was livid
with fury and he shook his fist in
Ralph's face.

"You—you—hound! You'll find that
this is the worst night's work you've
ever done! You've turned your best
friend agen you! You're—yah! I'll
be even with you if it costs me a for-
tune," he snarled, tugging at his neck,
which still felt the pressure of Ralph's
hand.

"Be off!" said Ralph. "Be off, and

thank your stars that you've got clear.
And remember what I say—"
"Yes! And you remember what I
say!" retorted the man, furiously;
for as sure as my name's Jim Oat-
way, I'll make you repent this night's
work!"

With another snarl and a muttered
imprecation, the man slunk off, and
Ralph, after watching him for a mo-
ment, vaulted the fence and tramped
homewards.

"That's done me good," he said,
cheerfully. "I wanted a row with
someone and Mr. James Oatway was
kind enough to oblige. I wonder what
was in that pocket-book!"

If he could have known!

CHAPTER XIII.

As Veronica lay on a couch by the
open window of the small drawing-
room the fourth day after her acci-
dent, the earl came in with a telegram
in his hand.

"How are you getting on, Veronica?"
he asked, leaning on his stick, with
both hands and looking down at her.

She laughed a trifle impatiently.

"Doctor Thorne persists in saying
that I am 'getting on' very well, in-
deed, and is quite heart-broken when
I venture to disagree with him," she
said. "I do trust I shall never sprain
my ankle again! It would have been
almost more satisfactory if I'd broken
my leg—there would have been some
excuse for lying like a log from day
to day."

The earl smiled with a kind of cyn-
ical sympathy.

"You have your books—"

"Yes, I know!" she responded, re-
sentfully, eyeing the latest from
Mudie's, where it lay on the floor as
it had fallen from her hand. "But I
don't seem able to read. And most
of the books are so stupid!"

"As how?" he asked, regarding the
lovely and rather flushed face as if he
were studying it.

The flush deepened and she laughed
again, and this time more impatiently.

"Oh, I don't know! They are all
about one subject—love! It is love,
love, and nothing but love! As if it
were not only the most important
thing in one's life, but as if every-

thing else didn't matter in the least."

"Perhaps it is; perhaps they don't,"
he said, almost to himself.

She looked at him with faint sur-
prise.

"I should scarcely have thought
that you would have agreed with
them," she remarked. "In this book I
have been realizing a girl makes the
most tremendous sacrifices, sinks her
rank, leaves her place in society, in
the world; in fact, gives up everything
for the man she loves."

"And finds that she has bartered
the sustenance for the shadow, given
gold for copper, sacrificed herself in
vain!" he said.

"Oh, dear, no!" she retorted. "This
is one of the 'marry-and-live-happi-
ever-afterwards' novels. That is
what makes me so impatient with it.
It is so improbable."

"Yes, improbable enough," he said;
"because the contract is never an equal
one. It is always a case of being
loved and loving, and the one who
loves is the one who makes the sacri-
fice—of course. And the time comes
when either he or she makes the lam-
entable discovery that they have sac-
rificed themselves in vain; that the
thing wasn't worth the pence paid for
it. I take it that your heroine—it is
always the heroine, by the way, who
yields everything—makes what is
called an unequal match?"

Veronica nodded and pushed the
hair from her forehead.

"Ah!" he said, with his cold smile.
"That is always a mistake; and I be-
lieve it is generally discovered before
the honey-moon is over. And then it
is bad for both of them, for the one
who stoops from his or her high place,
and the one stooped to. Marriages are
made in heaven, they say, but—I have
long had my doubts."

"Is that telegram for me?" asked
Veronica, as if the subject had ceased
to interest her.

"No; it is from Talbot. He appears
to have suddenly discovered a novel
desire for our society. He had suc-
ceeded in 'pairing' in the House, and is
coming down for a few days."

"I will give the necessary orders,"
said Veronica, reaching for the bell.

"Don't trouble; I have done so," he

said. "I am glad Talbot is coming.
I am always glad, of course—he will
be company for you. I am afraid
these last few days have been dull
ones."

"Oh, no, not at all, Lord Lyn-
borough," she responded, but she
checked a sigh; for indeed she had
found them dull. The restraint would
have been bad enough, but she had
not only been chained to the couch or
to the bath-chair, but had been chain-
ed, so to speak, to her own thoughts.
No book or music could stifle them or
dispel them; and much to her annoy-
ance and humiliation they had cen-
tered on one subject—Ralph Farrin-
gton. And now this book—she glanced
at it reproachfully—harped upon the
theme of a girl's love for her inferior,
and the sacrifice she had made for
that love. It had indeed, as Veronica
had complained, happily enough, but
she knew that the conclusion was
false, and that in real life the heroine,
and the man also, would have been
extremely wretched.

How dull the days had been, how
she had longed for a gallop on Sally,
for a walk in the woods, for a saun-
ter across the flower-gemmed lawns
at which she had gazed so longingly!

And why had not Ralph Farrington
returned her handkerchief? She had
left it at the hut, and he could not
have failed to find it. And why had
he not come up to the house to en-
quire for her? Surely, it was the least
he could do; it was, indeed, almost his
duty to have done so. Oh, how shame-
ful, how humiliating it was that she
could not get him out of her mind,
that she should always be recalling
the incidents of the morning of the
accident, should go over and over the
things he had done and said!

Yes; she was almost glad that Mr.
Talbot Denby was coming down. He
would bring the news, the atmosphere
from the world of London with him;
of her world; for she, too, was one of
the great Lynborough family. He
would tell her what was going on,
talk to her of famous people—in fact,
help her to forget this well-nigh in-
evitable preoccupation in the young man
who, ever since he had come to the
Court, had been thrown across her
path. She had been almost rude to
Talbot the other day; well, she would
try and efface the impression she must
have made upon him, she would make
amends for her cold and proud treat-
ment of him.

She chose her grandest dress that
night and displayed none of her usual
impatience when Goodwin was doing
her hair. As she looked in the glass
dreamily, she wondered whether she
was really as beautiful as some of her
enthusiastic girl friends declared her
to be. If she were, then no wonder
Ralph Farrington had been so shy and
confused; he who was so unused to
the refinement of a lady. No doubt
Fanny Mason's was the kind of pretti-
ness he would appreciate and admire.
"But he didn't admire her," she told
herself. "He didn't seem to have
noticed that she was even pretty! Oh,
there I am again! As if it mattered
to me whether a gamekeeper consid-
ered a laundry maid pretty or not! I'll
wear my pearl suit to-night, Goodwin."

"Yes, miss," Goodwin assented with
alacrity, for your lady's maid always
finds a subtle and a vicarious pleasure
in decking her mistress with costly
jewels. "Lor', how they and that
frook do suit you, miss!" she added
with a long breath as she stepped
back and surveyed with a critical ad-
miration. "They're be-a-utiful alto-
gether."

(To be continued.)

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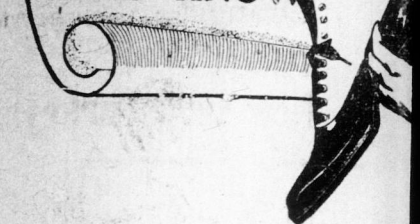
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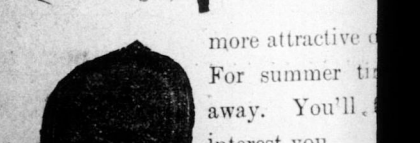
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